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NELLY BALLANTYNE.

NELLY BALLANTYNE was one of a class of persons to whom allusion was made in the article entitled "TURNERS"—a decent old widow, maintaining herself, in a creditable way, as the mistress of a small public-house in one of the villages near Edinburgh. Her lowly whitewashed hostelry was for many years a favourite resort of the lovers of fruit in summer, and the lovers of skating in winter, and *turners* all the year round. It was a great *Saturday house*—that is to say, a number of decent stoutish gentlemen who had offices in the Register House or the Exchequer, and did not get much abroad during the week, liked to come out to see Nelly on the afternoon of the last day of the week, which, after the manner of their ancestors, they always kept sacred to recreation. Nelly knew her men well enough, and having a neighbour who washed to some of them, was always timeously apprised, by means of that intelligencer, if it was likely that any of "the gentlemen" would be thinking of a sheep's head on Saturday—not that any decided order was ever given—far from it; only good Mr Baird of the Sasine Office, on receiving his bundle of fresh linen about the Thursday evening, would hint that he had not been taking a walk for a long time; he must really see and get one or two out with him, after the office shut on Saturday, and they would perhaps see what Nelly Ballantyne was about. Nelly knew, therefore, what it beseeemed her to do; and if the sheep's head was not fully ripe in the pot by three o'clock, her stars were more at fault than she. Just at that hour exactly, the point of Mr Baird's stick, as he carried it swivel-fashion in his hand, would be seen coming round the corner, followed speedily by his own portly person, and a straggling group of perspiring friends, who carried a demand of spirits and water in their very faces, and one and all declared the roads to be remarkably dusty. If Nelly was not in the trance to receive them, she was sure to be in the apence; but whether present or not—without even the assurance that she was in the house, or in the world—the foremost of the party would say, with a curious singing accented voice, "Well, Nelly, how are ye to-day?" and so would push into the room, where the neatly spread table, with a heap of white plates rimmed with blue, a salt-foot of pewter filled with large-grained salt, and a stoneware pepper-pot, with a piece of paper twisted into the bottom of it, gave earnest of the coming fare.

Seldom had any party of this kind to wait long, when honest Nelly herself, dressed for the occasion in a clean white apron, and a new "toy" upon her head, would come in with the ample tureen, all as if she had previously learned the numbers and wishes of her guest by a kind of intuition. "Weel, Nelly, it's a gude head of course?" "Ye may say that, sir—a head far bye ordner. A grand black tup, sir—I waled him mysel frae amang a score—he had horns the like I never saw—the trotters just uncommon. I daur say, a dozen might dine on him, as way and another." No time for farther colloquy just now. But after the broth, head, and trotters, had been alike discussed, and just as Nelly was going to close the door for the last time, that her guests might begin to their toddy, worthy Mr Lothian, seeing her "fissling" a little before taking wing, would accept the hint for the fiftieth time, and say, "But, Nelly, ye maun take a taste yoursel—sit ye down there;" and so would hand her the first glass that was filled. Nelly would then take a seat in a skittishy condescending way, and drink all their healths by name; after which, Mr Baird, or Mr Paterson, or Mr Abernethy, would ask how she had been getting on lately, and what "gen-

tlemen" had been out seeing her, and how, in particular, her "dochter Bell" was. Nelly would then tell them that she was "aye fechtin away, the best way she could, to keep a house aboon her head; but 'deed there hadna been muckle doing for a lang time. Except a dinner last Saturday," she would say, "two-three gentlemen o' the Court o' Session [macers, probably, celebrating the commencement of the vacation]—we have not had any visitors bye common this month past. The weather, ye see, has been gey backward, and gentlemen are feared to venture out this length. And I'm sure, last winter, it was just as ill the tither way; for there was never a day's gude ice on the loch a' the season, and except a gentleman that gaed down ower the head, and had to be brought in here to be dried, I dinna think we ever had either a sketcher [skater] or a curler about the house. They say the Principal, honest man, was out *as day*, but that was a'. 'Deed I think the seasons are gane clean gyte now a' thegither."

Some one would interject, that although there might be little doing about the village, still Nelly got the best part of it, while her rivals did not appear to be prospering very greatly.

"Ou 'deed ay," she would answer, "I've great reason to be thankfu'. Mony a ne tries 't; but somehow or other, nane o' them ever comes to ony gude. There's ane set up the other day on the other side o' the road, just forenent my very door—a chield that likes whisky himsell, and maybe thinks he'll at least mak his ain drink by 't. But I've seen them a' out as yet, and the auld widow will maybe see him out too."

Mr Lothian would remark, that she had now been a long time here in a way of business.

"Ay, sixteen years, sir, again' the neist Martinmas. I lost him *that's away* just the Lammas before, and there was nae other remed for the bringing up o' five fatherless bairns but just to tak up the bit public. A' that time I've paid baith licence and taxes, and never been ahint five pounds to the merchant; and that's mair nor some o' my neebours can say."

In this kind of chat would Nelly amuse her guests for a few minutes, and then, pretending to hear something going on which required her attention, would bustle away out of the room, and leave them to the serious business of the evening.

Mine hostess daikered on (to use her own phrase) for many years in her quiet and decently conducted hostel, paying scot and lot, and seeing one after another of her rivals sink into ruin and oblivion. There was hardly a clerk in any public office in Edinburgh who had not agreeable recollections of cheap and savoury treats enjoyed in her house on Saturday afternoons; and it was curious to remark, that, although she would have been a total stranger to these gentlemen if met on the streets of the city, every one was her familiar friend when they entered her own house. This, be it observed, did not arise from any thing like haughtiness on their part: the actual fact was, that Nelly was part and parcel of a particular scene with which they were familiar, and, if seen any where else, her figure would not have been recognisable. In some instances, however, she might be said to have established something beyond this holiday kind of friendship. By her neighbour, Betty the washerwoman, she had perhaps sent a present of gooseberries now and then to Mrs Baird, or to Mrs Lothian; and although these worthy ladies never thought of calling to render their thanks in person, they would perhaps send the nursery-maid some day with her infantine charge, to take a walk that way, and pay Nelly a visit in passing. The consequence would be, that when

the gentlemen next came to a Saturday dinner, she would burst out with—"Eh, Mr Baird, hoo muckle am I obleeged to Mrs Baird, for sending ye bannay bairn to see me. Sic a bairn I never saw—sic fine black een (like his mother's, I fancy), and how stoot for his age! Only eleven months and ten days, the maid said, and him nearly gaun his lane already. Eh, sic a fine bairn!" Thus familiar with her respectable guests, Nelly might rather be called their friend than their hostess.

Times at length changed with this poor, but decent and honest woman. Severe as her struggle had been to bring her orphan family over the helpless period of childhood, she found that it was only when they grew up to maturity that they became seriously burdensome to her. The eldest lad—Matthew by name—had always been her favourite, and, spoilt by indulgences he did not deserve, turned out a very bad member of society. Originally apprenticed to a cartwright, he gradually sunk, through a great variety of employments, into the condition of an absolute profligate; associated with the most flagitious characters in the neighbouring city; was noted in the newspapers as one who called for the especial notice of the police; and every now and then came home to his mother to oppress her with his exactions, and wring her heart with his misconduct. James—the second son—was in every respect a superior character; had been a good scholar, and recommended himself, by his talent and good behaviour, to a respectable situation as a clerk; but, falling out of employment, and being disgusted with his brother's conduct, which threatened the whole family with disgrace, he had been induced to emigrate to Canada; nor did his mother hear of him for several years after, so that he was, to her, the same as if he had ceased to exist. The remaining children of the poor widow were daughters, all of whom, at a proper age, had been sent to act as house-servants in the neighbouring city. Such is the condition of life which presents itself to poor parents in general, as the only resource for the female part of their families; though it is one not without its hazards and its disadvantages, and is generally encountered with some share of hesitation. So far as the mere duties of service are concerned, it is not perhaps looked upon with any trouble of mind; for the general lot is one of mutual subserviency, and it is only appropriate to the condition of the poor that their share of that lot should refer to humble offices in the households of the rich. There are other circumstances, however, attendant upon this condition, which no parent possessed of good feeling and good principle can regard without fear and real distress. He knows that the very creatures whom he looks upon with such fondness and estimation, whom he has taken pains to instruct in every upright principle, and whose temporal and eternal interests are alike so dear to him, are liable to be contemplated in the station to which he is forced to consign them, as only the fit ministers of unworthy pleasures, as creatures who come no one knows whence, and go no one knows whither, mere accidental and unconnected beings, responsible to no one for their fate, and for whose conduct there is no heart either to grieve or rejoice. He thinks of the miseries to which they are thus exposed, and the anguish which they may soon perhaps bring back upon himself, and, though not unhopeful of better things, sees them depart for their gayer and more dangerous home, with a regret and an alarm which, if it could be but imagined by those whom he dreads, would perhaps be the best protection of those whom he wishes, but is not able, to protect. Such were, in part, the feelings of honest Nelly Ballantyne, when she sent her three daughters to "serve

the fremmit** in Edinburgh; and they were not unjustified by the event. The youngest and the fairest—"Bonnie Lizzie," as she had been called—became a waif and an outcast; while, of the others, only one could be considered as fortunate. This was Helen, who was married to a steady operative in the city, and became the mother of a large family, which, by economy and industry, she maintained in a creditable manner. The other daughter, Nell, was also married; but her husband proved a worthless sot, and, after having had three children, she found it absolutely necessary to separate from him, and take refuge in her mother's house. Thus, honest Nell, after having, as she thought, got over the grand difficulty of her life, namely, the rearing of her orphan family, found herself, at an advanced age, more deeply and distressingly burdened than ever. Her son Matthew was a doerndraught of the most odious kind—a monster who would coolly demand money from her, in order to save him from the consequences of criminal acts, which he described himself as having committed, and then go away to spend what he had thus wrung forth, in the basest indulgences, and amidst a troop of companions who were every now and then thinned by the law. On the other hand, Nell was taxed with the entire maintenance of her daughter and grandchildren—it being impossible for the poor mother, occupied as she was with the care of three infants, to do any thing for her own or for their support. There was something not far removed from real pathos in the reflections which she occasionally indulged in respecting these circumstances. "I would think naething," she remarked one day to a friend, "of gieing Bell and her bairns a bite o' what I hae, if I could weel afford it—for bluid, ye ken, is aye thicker than water; and the bairns, puir things, are fine creatures, for a' the ill father they hae, and it's just a pleesur to me to see them totting about, crying, 'Grannie, do this,' and 'Grannie, gie me that,' and no an ill thocht i' their heads. But oh, woman, it's a different thing wi' Matthew and Lizzie. I used to think, when their father left them a' young upon my hands, and the youngest no born yet, that few women had ever been trysted as I was; and mony a time did they anger me wi' their childish mischief, and broken lozens, and that kind o' thing. But though they angered me then, they never vexed me, as some o' them do now. If they could a' but be made bairns again—innoent thochless bairns, dirtying themselves in dubs, and greeting for pieces,† and whyles gieing ane another a lick i' the lug;‡ and when they provoked ane another—I wad care little, woman, though they were twice the burden to me that they were langsyne."

It was soon found that the increased expenditure, occasioned by these new exactions, was pressing too severely upon the resources of the honest widow; and the consequence was, her inability to pay the rent, taxes, and licence, which formed her principal channels of disbursement. That unjustly but unavoidably detested race of men, the tax-gatherers, became her frequent visitors; and though pity, aided by a dram, would for a while induce them to write some decent excuse on the back of the returned receipt, and so depart in peace, this could not be effectual for ever. The horrid sum—two pounds fourteen shillings and sevenpence—still remained due, and still, once every week, re-appeared the awful officer at the door, with his small black leather portfolio, and his really unassuming, but, to Nell's perceptions, most imperious and tyrannical countenance. "On, mistress, ye ken it's no my blame," the poor man would say; "I maun just do as I'm bidden." But Nell, though her reason assented to this proposition, always found her feelings of quite a contrary opinion; and even while she invited the man to a civil glass of whisky, and wheedled him for yet a little more time, could not help thinking in her secret heart, that he was the most atrocious villain on the face of the whole earth. "Weel, mistress," he at length told her one day, "this off-putting will do nae langer. There's five per cent. on already, and my expenses beside, and I hae na a receipt sae scrawled on the back in my hale pocket-book. First, ye see, 'seventeenth May, says call again;' then, 'twenty-sixth May, has no money;' next, 'June second, will call in a day or two herself;' then again, 'June ninth, has just been paying a large account for porter;' after that, 'June fifteenth, says call again next week;' then cum on the expenses, and after a', 'July sixth, has not a shilling in the house.' Really, mistress, I've haen mair trouble about your taxes than any other body's in the district; and, I assure ye, it's nae joke coming out a' this length in sic warm weather." For this time, Nell got clear of her dun at the sacrifice of a bottle of strong ale. But at length the laws of the collectorate could be stretched no farther, and a pointing or execution took place in her house, with assurance, that, if the taxes should not be settled before Tuesday next, her effects should be exposed to sale.

The intermediate time was spent by the poor widow and her daughter in unavailing grief; and, not having a single friend in the world to take her part, or rescue her from so dreadful a calamity, she could only look forward to destitution both for herself and the helpless creatures depending on her. The terrible day came round in course, when duly appeared a band of officials to execute the threat which

hung over her. A red flag was displayed at the door, which speedily had the effect of collecting the villagers; and a barrel having been placed by the side of the threshold, the auctioneer mounted aloft, and began to sell the articles of furniture, which, one after another, were brought forth from the interior. Poor Nell and her daughter remained within, dissolved in grief, which the efforts of a few female neighbours, however well meant, could do little to control. The children moved about as usual; and it was curious, amidst one of the most distressing scenes that can be witnessed, to hear their unconcerned prattle, which ever and anon was mingled with the coarse declamations of the auctioneer without, and the heart-bursting sorrow of the party within. Once, only once, could Nell venture to peep abroad upon the proceedings out of doors; she saw her cradle raised aloft for sale—the ancient and familiar cradle in which she had been herself rocked, which had nursed her own family, and was now or lately employed for her daughter's youngest child—and she shrunk back as if she had received a blow, and again buried her face in her lap by the fireside. In time, the dreadful scene was finished; and she was left in her desolate cottage, with only one or two stools, and other little articles, which had been judged too trifling to be put up for sale. The coarse officials departed with the proceeds of their severity, leaving ruin and misery where there had formerly been humble content and cheerfulness.

For some time after this calamity, Nell and her daughter took up their abode with a poor neighbour, and endeavoured to obtain a slender support by acting as washerwomen. They were also indebted, in some small measure, to the kindness of that daughter who has already been alluded to, as the only one whose lot proved in the least enviable. In the declining strength, however, of the old widow, and the duty of attending to so many children, which pressed upon her daughter Bell, all such means of support would have soon proved ineffectual, and the whole family would have speedily become objects of public charity, if it had not been for the providential re-appearance of Nell's long-lost son James. This young man had at the first proved so unsuccessful in his object, that he could not prevail upon himself to write about his affairs to his mother. At length, however, he had become settled in an excellent farm in the London district, in Upper Canada; and having heard of the unfortunate circumstances of his mother and sister, he had resolved to pay them a personal visit, and, if possible, prevail with them to accompany him to America. It would be vain to describe the joy with which Nell hailed the appearance of her son, or the surprise she expressed at his improved circumstances. She very characteristically made no objection to undertaking so long a voyage at her advanced time of life, but only remarked, that "the bairns couldna steer a step till they got new sarks." All such difficulties, it may be imagined, were soon got over, and in a few weeks this persecuted little family found a safe retreat on the other side of the Atlantic. According to the last accounts, they were all living in a comfortable and happy manner, and Bell's family was beginning to be of no little service to their uncle. Nell hardly liked the country at first, but soon became reconciled to it—one grand consideration moving her thereto, being (as she herself expressed it) that "there was nae fear here o' being rouput out for taxes!"

THE YOUNG CHEMIST—No. II.

CALORIC, or the cause of heat (from the Latin word *calor*, heat), is spread universally over the surface of the globe. But whether it is a real tangible substance, or only an attribute or property of matter, is not very easy to determine. If it be an agent or real substance, it is of that active and subtle kind which almost eludes detection; it passes through and along all bodies, and we can scarcely tell from whence it comes or whither it goes. What we have to consider, then, is its effects, or what it produces. There can be no doubt but that the great, and perhaps the only way by which heat comes to us, is from the sun. Were it not for the daily return of the sun's rays to the earth, every thing on its surface would be speedily congealed to a frozen mass of solid matter; we could have no liquids, and even the air itself would be reduced to a mass, first of fluid, and then of solid matter. It is thus, that, in winter, with our short day and slanting sunshine, we have the earth cooled down at night to freezing, and often below, so that the powers of next day's sun are too feeble to produce a thaw; thus, also, even during our longest summer days, the coldest period of the twenty-four hours is the hour immediately preceding sunrise.

But there are other means of producing heat besides obtaining it directly from the sun. Thus, if two pieces of wood are rubbed smartly together, they soon become hot, and at last burst into flame. In this manner savage nations frequently procure a precarious fire; and the dry branches of the forest, when thus rubbed violently against each other by the wind, not unfrequently take fire, and set the country in a blaze;

and the wheels of carriages by a similar friction are often destroyed. Even if two pieces of ice are rubbed together, as much heat is generated as serves partly to melt them into water. Violently beating a hard substance has the same effect in producing heat as friction; and thus, if a piece of soft iron be taken, and smartly hammered, it will become red-hot under the operation. The next way by which heat is produced is by mixing substances of different properties with each other, by which a chemical change in their nature is brought about, and more or less heat is thrown out. Thus, if you take half a glassful of oil of vitriol, and pour on it the same quantity of water, and mix them suddenly, the outside of the glass will become so hot as scarcely to bear touching with the finger; and if a small slice of phosphorus (a very inflammable substance) be rolled in a little tow, and placed outside the glass, a flame will immediately be visible. If you take a piece of fresh burnt limestone, and pour over it some water, so great a heat will be raised as to convert part of the water into steam, at the same time that the rest is absorbed or taken up by the lime, and becomes a solid.

Another way in which heat is produced in great abundance, is by combustion, or the act of burning, as in a common fire of coals or wood, or a lamp or candle. This, too, is a chemical combination, or mixture of oxygen (one of the airs of the atmosphere) and the inflammable substance, as wood, oil, or grease. Without a constant supply of this air, no lamp or fire would burn; and in a large fire in a grate, a rushing current of air may be perceived continually going to feed the flame. It is by a knowledge of this circumstance that grates are constructed with a contracted passage to increase this current, and that a long and narrow glass is placed over the flame of a lamp, preventing the air from getting to the flame on all sides, except from below, where it rushes up in a strong current, and heightens in this way the intensity and brilliancy of the flame. In all those instances where heat is accumulated and produced from the mixture or combustion of bodies, it must not be supposed that this heat is actually raised or generated at the time—it is only the heat which these bodies have received from a common source (in all likelihood from the sun), that has by certain means been drawn from those bodies, and concentrated to one point.

We shall next consider what effect heat has on bodies. The most striking influence of heat is, that it expands or increases the bulk of all bodies, whether solid, fluid, or aerial; and it effects this by separating to a greater distance the several minute particles of which bodies are made up. To understand this better, let us take four or five small peas or marbles, and place them close to each other, as close in fact as they will go, and draw, with a piece of chalk, a circle around them, of about half a foot in width or diameter, and another smaller circle of six inches diameter. This, we may suppose, is a state of matters where there is no caloric or heat present at all. A small portion of heat admitted will separate these balls, and make them occupy the space contained within the smaller circle. Suppose a greater quantity of heat admitted, a greater separation between these balls will take place, and they will then occupy the space of the larger circle. Thus it is with the expansion of bodies; and this is brought about by the smaller or greater degree of heat which any substance contains. If you take a piece of iron, and measure it while cold, and then heat it to a red heat in the fire, you will find that it has lengthened considerably by the addition of heat, and in this way cartwrights turn the circumstance to good account. Having prepared the woodwork of their wheel, and the iron rim, the latter of dimensions so scrup as not to enter over the wood, they heat the iron in a furnace; this expands or increases the size of the circle so much, that, when laid over the wooden circle, it easily fits on it; cold water is instantly dashed on the iron; it suddenly cools, and contracts and grasps firmly the wood in every part throughout. If you take a common bladder, and fill it half-full of air, and then tie it up tightly with a thread, and hang it before a good fire, the air in the bladder will gradually expand, so as to fill the bladder completely; and if the heat is continued, the force of the expanding air will be such as to burst the skin with a loud explosion. Water, too, and every liquid, increases its bulk by being heated; and a goblet of water, not nearly full, when put on the fire cold, will, when it boils, be found to have increased to the very brim. On this law of bodies depends the formation of the thermometer, an instrument, as its Greek name implies, constructed to measure degrees of heat: it consists of a glass tube, with a hollow inside, and a bulb on one end: this bulb, and part of the tube, is filled with spirit of wine, or quicksilver; and, as the surrounding heat is great or small, the fluid, as it expands or contracts, rises or falls in the tube.

We have already mentioned, that all bodies on the earth's surface contain a portion of heat, which they are daily receiving from the sun's rays; and this heat, or caloric is of so benevolent and impartial a nature, that wherever it is, or under whatever circumstances, it will have a tendency to diffuse itself equally through all bodies. Thus, if a piece of precious gold and vile copper are in company with a piece of red-hot iron, the heat will go equally to the gold as to the copper, and, indeed, equally to every thing around. If a king and a beggar were together, they would be both warmed in an equal proportion: in short, heat, un-

* Uninclosed, not skin.

† Angling—Crying for crabs of bread. ‡ A slap on the ear.

like many worldlings, is no respecter nor despiser of persons or of things. But it will be said, in a room for instance, if we place one hand on a piece of wood or cloth, and the other on a piece of polished brass or steel, that the metal feels infinitely colder than the cloth or wood; and so it does, because some substances, and especially metals, are better conductors of heat than others; so that, although the metal is not colder than the wood, yet it has the knack of taking the heat out of your body ten times quicker, and conveying it to its brother metals and wood in the room. We every day take advantage of this. For instance, soft woollen clothes, because they are imperfect conductors, are much warmer than linen or cotton, and infinitely more so than a metallic covering would be. The handles of our tea-pots are made of wood instead of metal, because metal would conduct heat from the hot tea so quickly and perfectly as to burn the fingers, whereas wood is more slow and sluggish in its operations.

But heat has another way of communicating itself, besides passing from one solid body to another. If you sit at the farther end of a large room, but directly opposite to a good fire, you will find the heat glowing in your face, and coming at once from the red fire. This is called the radiation of heat, or its passing in direct rays. Heated bodies, though not visibly red-hot, can radiate or send off heat in this manner; and it is supposed that the heat from the surface of the earth thus passes off during the absence of the sun into empty space, otherwise, from our constant additions of the sun's heat, it would accumulate too much on our globe.

There is another circumstance regarding heat which cannot be passed over, and that is, that it enters bodies in very considerable quantity, and yet cannot be perceived; that is, it makes them not a bit hotter. Thus, if a quantity of ice be put into a pan, and melted by applying heat, it will be found that the melted water is just of the same temperature as the solid ice was when put into the pan, although long application of heat had been used in the process of thawing. If this water be heated for an hour longer, it will arrive at the boiling point; and if the heat is continued for six hours more, it will be all converted into steam. Yet this steam is just of the same temperature as the boiling water, although it must have taken in a great deal more heat than the water. This heat taken in, but not manifest to the senses, has been called latent caloric; and it is a law of bodies, that, before they can pass from the solid to the fluid, or from the fluid to the æriform, they must have an additional quantity of caloric. The same law holds if we reverse the matter. Bodies in passing from a state of air or vapour to a liquid, or liquids passing into solids, give out a quantity of heat, and this heat given out is found to be in exact proportion to that taken in under the other circumstances. It has often been remarked, and is a well-known fact, that before and during a fall of snow the air feels warm; this arises from the heat given out by the water consolidating into snow flakes. On the contrary, there is no time that the surface of the ground is more chill than during a thaw, because the melting snow greedily absorbs heat from every object around. Evaporation, or the sudden passing off of fluids in vapour, also causes great cold: thus, if a thin glass ball, containing a small quantity of water, is repeatedly moistened with a rag on the outside, containing ether (an extremely volatile substance), the water will congeal into ice, by its heat being carried off in the evaporation of the ether.

We have now finished all that we propose saying about heat, and, before concluding, intend to note down a few experiments connected with the subject. In experimenting, however, we would caution the young chemist to be much upon his guard, and to observe one or two things. He should never be in a hurry, but well consider his mode of proceeding, and overlook, again and again, his materials and preparations; he should observe neatness, and order, and cleanliness, for these will undoubtedly lead afterwards to accuracy and precision; he should never poke his face or eyes too near any chemical materials; he should put on a pair of strong gloves to protect his hands, and a mask for his face, when an explosion is likely to occur. In exploding the gases, &c., he should roll a coarse towel round the glass phial or jar; and if it breaks, it will do no injury. Finally, he should make his experiments as much as possible useful, that is, illustrative of some circumstance in the science, not the idle frolics of a mountebank. We shall give the chemical names of ingredients, which, though they may seem mystical, will be readily known at the chemist's laboratory.

1. To produce flame under the surface of water.—Take a small slice of phosphorus, and three or four grains of oxymuriate of potass; place these at the bottom of a glass tumbler; then take a glass tube with a pretty wide hollow in the middle; dip one end of this into a little sulphuric acid, and then press the thumb smartly on the other end, so as to exclude all air; lift up the tube gently, which will contain a few drops of the acid, and slip it into the tumbler just over the ingredients at the bottom; remove your thumb from the top; the acid will fall down, and, decomposing the oxymuriate of potass with great heat, the phosphorus will inflame and burn brightly, supplied by the oxygen of the oxymuriate.

2. Take a small bit of the metallic potassium; throw

it on a piece of ice, or a little water, and it will burst into a beautiful blue flame.

3. Detonating powder.—Take three drachms nitre, two of carbonate of potass, and one of sulphur; mix them together in a mortar. Take about as much of this powder as can be held on a sixpence, and place it on a shovel over the fire. It will first melt, and then explode with a loud noise. The explosion is caused by a quantity of oxygen gas being suddenly disengaged from the nitrate of potass.

4. Coloured signal lights.—Take six drachms nitre, and two of sulphur; mix them into a fine powder. To produce a white light, add to this powder one drachm of orpiment, or yellow arsenic;—a blue light, two drachms of crude antimony in fine powder;—a red light, one drachm of nitrate of strontites.

SKETCHES OF POLYNESIA.

(Second and concluding Article.)

Upon the first establishment of one of the Missionary Societies, in 1796, the then newly-discovered islands in the South Sea were selected as the first scene of its exertions; and thirty individuals, who volunteered their services, engaged to attempt the establishment of missionary settlements in the Society, Friendly, and other islands of the Pacific. At this period, the native inhabitants were under the thralldom of a barbarous mythology, combining in its tenets almost every extravagance which characterised the idolatrous systems of the heathen nations of old. The air, earth, and sea, were in their estimation peopled with spirits and deities, good and bad, to whom they indiscriminately offered up idol-worship and human sacrifices, while, as stated in our previous article, infanticide, torturing of war-captives, and every other barbarous practice common to savage nations, were in full operation. Eighteen of the missionaries landed at Tahiti, in March 1797 (the rest being distributed among the neighbouring islands), and were received by the king (Pomare) and queen of the island with uncommon respect and kindness. Unlike the jealousy usually manifested by barbarous tribes towards foreigners, the natives of Tahiti were delighted at the prospect of the white men coming to reside amongst them, having conceived a favourable opinion of them from the passing visits of various English ships. So pleased were they at the circumstance, and so hopeful of the advantages that would accrue to themselves from the permanent residence of Europeans, that they voluntarily ceded in a formal manner to the missionaries a whole district of the island called Matavai. Such transactions were by no means uncommon amongst them; but there was always a tacit understanding that the *presentee* (sometimes of a whole island) was only to make use of the gift so far as was needful to his support. A few of the missionaries were conveyed to the neighbouring islands, where they were likewise received with the utmost cordiality. Their acquaintance with the mechanical arts, for the practice of which they had brought with them all sorts of handicraft tools, especially struck the natives with astonishment and delight, and at once conciliated their respect and friendship. After having by these and other means established themselves in the good opinion of those they came to instruct, the missionaries next proceeded to acquire a knowledge of the Tahitian tongue. In this they found such great difficulty, from the language being altogether oral, and the multiplicity of vowels used, that they would probably have given it up in despair, but for the pains which the natives took to instruct them. With this aid, they were enabled, after great labour, to reduce the language to writing, which not only was of the highest use and importance to the missionaries, but afterwards came to be used by the natives themselves with the utmost facility. When a suitable means of communication was thus established between them, and after the missionaries had been about a year in the island, the latter requested a public meeting with the king and principal chiefs, at which they informed them of the purposes of the mission; namely, to instruct them in all useful arts, teach them reading and writing, and make known to them the only true God, and the way to happiness in a future state. They likewise, at the same time, endeavoured to demonstrate the horrible nature of human sacrifices, and especially of infanticide, and strongly urged their immediate discontinuance. The chiefs and people appeared pleased with the explanation of the missionaries, and promised that no more children should be murdered; but it was only a promise.

At this time there were two rulers in Tahiti—Pomare, and Otu his eldest son. But although the actual sovereignty of the latter was confined only to a few districts, he in fact possessed more power than his father, and was termed the king, notwithstanding that Pomare was recognised as the chief of the island. Otu, who afterwards, on his father's death, assumed the name of Pomare the Second, was at first greatly prejudiced against the missionaries, and it required all his father's influence to prevent him manifesting his aversion otherwise than by words and looks. His unfriendly disposition towards them was so well known,

that some of his adherents upon one occasion attacked four of the missionaries, tore the clothes from their back, and would undoubtedly have drowned them in a river into which they threw them, had not some of the more friendly-disposed natives rescued them. The good king Pomare was so incensed at the conduct of the assailants, that, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of the missionaries, he made war upon the district, and slew two of the ringleaders. The impression, however, of this unpleasant occurrence upon most of the missionaries was such, that eleven of them took their departure in an English vessel then lying at Tahiti, and proceeded to Port Jackson, in New South Wales. This step seems scarcely to have been warranted by the occasion, more especially as a great majority of the natives expressed the deepest sorrow at their resolution, and the good old king entreated them, with tears in his eyes, to remain. It seems doubtful, however, if their presence would have been productive of any good results at this time in Tahiti—at least, for many years afterwards, the missionaries laboured on indefinitely without the slightest appearance of success to their cause. For this there were many evident reasons. In the first place, a rebellion broke out amongst the natives, about the above period, by which the island was kept in a continual state of turmoil and agitation. Another reason, no doubt, was the disfavour in which the preachers were held by Otu and the other chiefs. A third was of a still more distressing and unfortunate character. From the number of English vessels, principally South Sea whalers, which then began to touch at the islands, some loathsome diseases had been introduced amongst the natives by the seamen, which rapidly spread, and produced the most calamitous effects. It was not to be wondered at if this circumstance operated strongly to the prejudice of the missionaries, as being the countrymen of those, who, according to their simple belief, had brought such a fearful judgment of the gods upon them. When the missionaries, too, proceeded to address the people on the inestimable benefits of Christianity, they were always met by the obvious question—why no mention had been made of the importance of this new religion by any of the former British vessels which had touched at the island. The king of England, they said, had sent them presents and professed friendship, but none of his messengers had ever before spoken of the Christian faith. Singularly enough, however, many of the natives regularly attended public worship at the mission-house, uniformly observing the strictest attention and decorum. For the better accommodation of these still profless hearers, as well as with the view of inducing the attendance of more, the missionaries reckoned it expedient, in 1800, to erect a special place of worship. Towards this object Pomare lent workmen and every other aid in his power, and the chiefs contributed most of the materials. It is worthy of remark, that this was the first public place of Christian worship erected in the South Sea islands.

We have mentioned above, that a rebellion broke out in the island soon after the departure of some of the missionaries for New South Wales. The occasion of this event was the removal, by some of the chiefs, of the national idol, Oro, from the district of Pare to that of Atehuru, without the king's consent. Otu and Pomare followed their god, and, after the performance of the great marae, or national sacrifice, at which all the chiefs or warriors of the land were assembled, they stated that they had received intimation that Oro wished to be conveyed to another residence, and requested him to be delivered to them for that purpose. This the Atehuran chiefs resisted. The consequence was, that Otu with his followers seized on the idol by force, and carried it off to sea in their canoes. This was the commencement of instant hostilities. The Atehurians invaded the neighbouring districts, slaying and burning all before them, and finally succeeded in defeating the army of Otu in a pitched battle, retaking the object of contention, and remaining masters of the greater portion of the island. By the aid of some British sailors, however, belonging to one or two ships lying at Tahiti, Otu was enabled to turn the tide of fortune against his enemies, and suppress the insurrection, besides recovering the idol. In 1803, the old king, Pomare, died suddenly, and his death was severely felt by the missionaries in more ways than one. Although he only manifested the greater aversion to the object of their mission the more he understood it, he had treated them with uniform kindness, and, shortly before he expired, recommended them strongly to the protection of his son. His death served but to confirm the people in their superstition, for they attributed it to the vengeance of the gods for his unceremonious seizure and abduction of Oro at Atehuru; and upon the occasion of a religious ceremony, wherein his departed spirit was invoked, his wife Idia, and one of the priests, severally declared that he had appeared to them—which story was of course universally credited.

Meanwhile, as peace continued, the missionaries pursued their labours incessantly, making occasional tours through the island, and preaching the gospel to the natives; but although they could not as yet boast of making converts, they succeeded in inducing many to learn reading and writing, and opened a school for that purpose in Matavai, for the instruction of children. In 1807, the war again broke out between Otu, now called Pomare, and some of his chiefs, when the missionaries, being apprised by the king of their danger, and seeing

no chance of farther usefulness in the island, determined to leave it. They therefore sailed in an English vessel, which happened opportunely to call at Tahiti, and were conveyed, some to the neighbouring island of Huahine, and others to Pimeo. Those in the latter place were soon joined by Pomare, who had been compelled to fly from Tahiti, after being completely routed. From the melancholy prospect before them—their expulsion from Tahiti, the total destruction of their settlements, and the prospect of continued war—the missionaries resolved to remove to Port Jackson by the first opportunity, and, on October 26, 1809, they all sailed from the islands, excepting a Mr Hayward, who remained at Huahine, and Mr Nott at Pimeo with the king, thus abandoning the object for which they had laboured for twelve years, without the consolatory reflection of having in any sensible degree furthered their cause.

SCOTTISH LAKES.

LOCH LEVEN.

AMONG the various Scottish lakes, whether situated in the midst of soft sylvan scenery, or overhung by the dark huge masses of Highland hills, none are more worthy of the visit of the northern tourist than Loch Leven—not the salt-water loch, or arm of the sea, on the west coast of that name, but the pretty little lake in the Lowlands, which abounds so much in historical associations, and which is situated at but a short distance from the Scottish capital. This beautiful sheet of water lies in the shire of Kinross, about twenty-seven miles in a northerly direction from Edinburgh, on the road to Perth, and, in dimensions, extends from ten to eleven miles in circumference. It is of an irregular oval figure, and, possessing several islets, as well as being surrounded with scenery of a pleasing or imposing kind, it is justly deemed one of the many places in Scotland worthy of a visit from tourists. On its west and north-west side it is environed by the beautiful vale of Kinross, surrounded by hills in the distance, and in the foreground disposed in plantations, arable and pasture fields, pleasure-grounds, and other materials of rural beauty. On its margin, on the same side, lies the ancient town of Kinross, with the adjacent gardens and mansion of Kinross-house, the seat of Bruce of Kinross. A short way east from thence, on the shore, stands the ruined castle of Burreigh. On the north-east corner of the lake it is overhung by the abrupt western termination of the Lomond hills, and on the south-east it is similarly shadowed by the hill of Binnarty. In the space betwixt these elevations the lake has leave to stretch towards the east, and in this direction is bounded by a perfectly level piece of carse ground, extending fully three miles in length by nearly a mile in breadth, which is bounded on the north by the west Lomond, and on the south by the low hill of Balbedie: Through the intermediate carse flows the river Leven, which issues from the lake. At the east end of the carse, the rising grounds almost close, and from signs which cannot be mistaken, it is, we think, evident that this was once the eastern termination of the lake, and that at an early period, by accident or design, its embankments being broken down, the present alluvial carse was left in a marshy condition, while the water receded to its lowest level in the western hollow. If such was really the case, it must have happened at a period much earlier than the dawn of record, for no tradition exists regarding it; and we know that in the Celtic age there were localities existing on the present eastern borders of the lake, as is signified by their appellations. The chief islands in Loch Leven are two in number, namely, one situated near the shore opposite Kinross, on which are the picturesque ruins of a castle, once dignified by the compulsory residence of the hapless Mary Queen of Scots, and another of a low bare appearance called St Serf's Isle, near the east end. Loch Leven and its islands make a very early appearance in Scottish history. Of the religious house, which must thus have been planted here upwards of a thousand years ago, only a fragment, sufficient to make a small pen-fold for cattle, is now to be seen. The island being low and verdant, supports a few sheep and cattle. The island which contains the castle is about two acres in extent, and it is said that a fortlet was first built here by Congal, son of Donagart, king of the Picts. In the wars which harassed Scotland during the minority of David the Second, the castle of Loch Leven was held in the patriotic interest by Allan de Vipont, against the troops of Edward the Third, who acted in behalf of Edward Balliol. John de Strivillin blockaded it, erected a fort in the churchyard of Kinross, which occupies the point of a neighbouring promontory, and, at the lower end of the lake, where the water of Leven issues out of it, it is said that he raised a strong and lofty bulwark, by means of which he hoped to lay the castle under water, and constrain Vipont to surrender. The water continued to rise daily, and the besiegers thought themselves certain of success, when the English general and most of the troops having left the camp to celebrate the festival of St Margaret at Dunfermline, the be-

sieged, seizing the favourable opportunity (June 19, 1336), and, after much labour and perseverance, broke through the barrier, when the water rushed out with such impetuosity as to overwhelm the English encamped on that side.

Loch Leven Castle was granted by Robert the Third to a branch of the Douglas family. Sir Robert Douglas of Loch Leven, in the middle of the sixteenth century, was the near kinsman of the famous James Earl of Morton, and stepfather to the equally famous Earl of Murray; on which account he was selected by the confederated lords who seized Queen Mary at Carberry, as a proper jailor for that unfortunate lady. She was here placed in durance, June 16, 1567. On the ensuing 24th of July, she was obliged by a party of those statesmen to sign an instrument resigning the crown to her infant child, who accordingly was inaugurated a few days after at Stirling, under the title of James the Sixth. Queen Mary escaped from the castle, May 2, 1568, through the aid of a young relation of the family, and is said by tradition to have landed at a place called Balbinning, at the south side of the lake. She was defeated a few days after at Langside, and obliged to fly to England. The Earl of Northumberland, after his rebellion in England, being seized in Scotland, was confined for three years in Loch Leven Castle, from 1569 to 1572, when he was basely given up to Queen Elizabeth, and executed. This baronial family of Loch Leven succeeded some years after to the earldom of Morton, which it still enjoys. The island on which Loch Leven Castle is situated, lies a very little way from the shore; and between it and the point of the promontory above-mentioned, a causeway of large stones runs beneath the water, which is here so shallow, that in dry seasons, when the surface is a little lower than usual, a man can wade along this extraordinary pavement. A similar curiosity exists in the lake of Forfar and in Lochmaben; but how such works were formed, or for what purpose, no one can tell. The island is two acres in extent, and is partly occupied by the garden of the castle, which is now a mere waste, though still exhibiting a few fruit trees in a wild and decayed state. The principal tower of the castle is of the ordinary size of the border towers, and can never, therefore, have contained much accommodation. Connected with it is a court-yard, 585 feet in circumference, and which has contained other buildings of a subordinate character. No date or inscription is now visible; but some years ago a projecting stone presented the letters R. D. and M. E., probably referring to Sir Robert Douglas, and his wife Lady Margaret Erskine, mother of the Earl of Murray, the jailors of the queen. It is said traditionally, that the castle was dismantled at the end of the seventeenth century. An old man living at a later period had been heard to say, that he remembered when there were fifty-two beds in it; an assertion that appears to be, upon a survey of the ruins, incredible. Loch Leven is popularly believed to be mysteriously connected with the number eleven, being eleven miles round, surrounded by eleven hills, fed by eleven streams, peopled by eleven kinds of fish, and studded by eleven islands. But some of these properties seem quite fanciful; others are untrue.

Besides the islands already alluded to, there are only two, called the Reed Bower and the Paddock Bower, both of which are so small as to be hardly worthy of notice. The trout produced in Loch Leven is of acknowledged excellence. The following memoranda respecting it are from the Statistical Account:—"The high flavour and bright red colour of the trout seem evidently to arise from the food which nature has provided for them in the Loch. A considerable part of the bottom is oozy and spongy, from which aquatic herbs spring up in abundance; and so vigorous are they in many parts, as towards the beginning of autumn to cover the surface with their flowers. The trouts, especially of size, lie much in that kind of bottom; and gentlemen accustomed to make observations in angling, know well, that even in clear running rivers, where their course takes a direction through a long tract of meadow or oozy ground, the trout that feed in that ground, if of size, are generally less or more of a pink colour in the flesh, while those that feed in a stony or gravelly soil, above or below the swampy meadows, are all white, excepting the mixtures sometimes made by floods. But what appears to contribute most to the rich taste of Loch Leven trout, is the vast quantity of a small shell-fish, red in its colour, which abounds all over the bottom of the loch, especially among the aquatic weeds. It is of a shape quite globular, precisely of the size and appearance of a linsed boll at a little distance, and the trouts, when caught, have often their stomachs full of them. These observations may account for a phenomenon of another kind. In Loch Leven are all the different species of hill, or burn, or river trout, that are to be met with in Scotland, evidently appearing from the different manner in which they are spotted. Yet all these different kinds, after being two years in the loch, and arriving at three quarters or one pound weight, are red in the flesh, as all the trout of every kind in the loch are, except, perhaps, those newly brought down by floods, and such as are sickly. The silver-grey trout, with about four or five spots on the middle of each side, is apparently the original native of the loch, and in many respects the finest fish of the whole. The fry of all kinds are white in the flesh till they come to the size of a herring about the middle of their third year.

The gallytough or char abounds in the loch. Some of them weigh near two pounds, and yet they are never known to rise to a fly, or to be caught with a hook, baited in any way whatever. Besides these, there are vast quantities of pike, perch, and eel, in the loch." The fishing is let by the proprietor. The birds that breed on the loch are herons, gulls, pewit gulls, and plover. When the winds are high, and blow in particular directions, the loch is very much agitated, which makes it extremely difficult to navigate, and intimidates those boating parties who make a visit to "Queen Mary's Prison" and St Serf's the object of their excursions. The lake is fed by the small river Gairney, and other streamlets on the west, and is emitted by the river Leven, which pursues an easterly course to the Firth of Forth. In recent times, the emission of the water for the river has been regulated by mechanism, and the lake partly reduced in dimensions, for the purpose of aiding the numerous mills on the banks of the stream. But though erected at an enormous expense, we understand little good and a great deal of dissatisfaction have been accomplished. The vale of the Leven is beautiful, and ornamented with the woods around Leslie, the seat of the Earl of Rothes.

SOCIETY IN LONDON.

SOME recent accounts of the enjoyments of the Londoners seem to have placed them in a ridiculous point of view; but those who are well acquainted with their chosen recreations, know that there is an inherent love of the beauties of nature strongly implanted in their hearts. However true it may be that they are shopkeepers in the most degrading sense of the term—that they are desirous to obtain money—that they are inconsiderate in their credits and debits—that their imaginary wants too readily become real in the most painful sense—yet justice demands that a great portion of them should be spoken of with respect, as persons who are more alive to what is excellent in nature and in art than is generally stated. Ignorance does not hang like a weight upon them; they are capable of thinking correctly, although their language may be touched with what is denominated vulgarity.

If it be inquired where their greatest enjoyments are experienced, the reply will be, on the hills of Hampstead or Highbury, in the meadows of Dulwich, amid the beautiful of Richmond or of Hampton Court, or the grandeur of Windsor; and these are scenes worthy their selection and admiration. If their indulgence in such pleasures appear costly, they are enabled to meet the outlay. If they become conspicuous, it will arise from the hearty manner in which their excursions are undertaken, and the gaiety of heart with which they are concluded; no part of which should furnish cause for heaping on them every ridicule and opprobrium that malignity could invent.

That there are among the Londoners many who abandon themselves to expensive enjoyments, may be true as it is reprehensible; but there is no class of society free from such imputation. Among the numbers who derive princely revenues from well-conducted mercantile speculations, there are some who consider themselves entitled to assume the exteriors of splendour, and even the follies of that class whose coronets decorate the chariot panels. Hence those phenomena, the counting-house dandy and the Exchange exquisite, who, although forbidden, are orientals, ever struggling to shine in the occidental hemisphere of London. They may get fleeced by titled sharpers at superb gambling establishments; but the balance at their bankers, or their unnumbered estates, are no introductions to a rout: they are permitted to flutter in the precincts of aristocratical twilight. If, moth-like, they venture to approach the brilliant centre, a singeing of wings is the consequence of their presumption; for pride and prejudice sit, like dragons, at the portal of the *haut ton*, to scare the being connected with trade, the devotee of science, or the observing artist: they are politely waved aside, or elegantly placed in the distance.

In the middle ranks of society, at the table of a patroniser of eating and discussion—at a conversation—at a soiree, or in the boxes of a coffee-house—there is an approach to equality and free communication of opinion, *par excellence* denominated the feast of reason and the flow of soul. But—there is ever a *but*, to furnish an exception to the rule. At either of the assemblages alluded to, there will be no difficulty in distinguishing between the professors of knowledge and the possessors of understanding. Sufficient proofs will be shown, that, to be acquainted with the title-page of a book, is not intimacy with its contents. Addison says, to understand, is to conceive with adequate ideas—to have knowledge of. Milton says, it is to know the meaning of—to be able to interpret; and Dr Johnson has placed these authorities at the word UNDERSTANDING in his dictionary. Yet, in despite of all this, do certain individuals take the lead on occasions of controversy, without ability to communicate a distinct idea: they are attended to, as far as good manners require, although what they have said has passed in at one ear and out at the other: the sound and fury

have signified nothing. At times, it is a scene of high entertainment to observe one of these Solons laying down the law, ponderous and verbose, hesitating and vehement by turns—daisy-picking and delving, straining and struggling; in the midst of which he travels out of the record, reckons without his host, or, as it is facetiously called, "puts his foot in it." The knowing wink at each other, but no one corrects the error, because the asserter is very influential. He did so to provoke discussion. He is an amiable fellow. He knew better. It was merely a slip of the tongue. But the scene is more delectable to observe one of these privileged Clevertons practise on a dolt, whose gaze declares a frozen intellect, on the icy surface of which slips and slides may be made with impunity, on which the skater may roll the outside edge, and cut every figure of which he is master. A stumble might be deemed incidental, and a fall dexterous. If the surface break, the skater is in no fear of being out of his depth; he is certain his expertness will be triumphant; and he chuckles in the consciousness of superiority.

Amid the subdivisions or castes into which metropolitan society forms itself, there is one less endurable than that just mentioned, because the essence of puppyism predominates on every subject, and on every occasion. With an affectation of gravity, these persons will make assertions of frivolous tendency, and enforce their being treated seriously, and run the gauntlet of common-sense with a loquacity truly surprising. They are heedless of being rendered despicable; they are protected by their impudence. They seem never to lose their confidence. They attack the opinions of others insolently, and defend their own without the least attention to decency. If any one proceed to arrange their ideas in reply, they protest against daisy-picking. If a distinction between approximating ideas, which they have confounded, be pointed out, they declare it to be splitting of hairs. If they feel themselves overpowered by his talent, they term the speaker a demagogue. It is quite farcical to notice the unaccountable degree of arrogance some such persons will display, and the evident proofs they furnish, that they believe the "gift of the gab" to be the attainment of knowledge, and the exercise of it the super-excellence of intellectual perfection.

There is another class of persons who rank as respectable tradesmen, having it in their power to rent a house out of London, in which their families reside, and possessed of all the requisites to insure comfort; yet such is the force of habit, they cannot refrain from wasting many hours of their evenings at Burton-ale-houses, cider-cellars, and wine-shades. At places like these, men of taste, talent, and understanding, may be met, where conversation may be listened to with pleasure, and the heart improved. At places like these, the contributions of thousands, in the various departments of art, science, and literature, are well appreciated, censure or praise well directed, and justice held in the highest estimation. Who shall point out the path of enjoyment to another? This mode of spending the evening, degrading as it should seem to be, yields the interchange of thought, nay, assists in the search after truth, and cannot be dispensed with, as the parties say, with whom the practice is familiar. But—the ever interfering *but*—all is not gold that glitters. In these societies where gentlemanly behaviour prevails, some discrepancies will arise to affect the bonds of harmony: the casual entrance of a stranger; an intricate subject of debate; passing occurrences, which may produce contrariety of opinions. Men do not sit tamely, as they once did, to hear prejudice advanced for truth, or absurdity for reason. In the conflicts which occur, there is both entertainment and instruction to the listeners, by the exercise of the judgment and the risible faculties.

There is yet another class of tradesmen who have similar propensities to the foregoing persons, who are rather imitators than originators of intellectual investigation. This class may be found in the parlours of public-houses, to which they resort to talk over all the leading occurrences of the day. They are all great politicians, and frequently, in imitation of the proceedings in the House of Commons, debate the question of the preceding evening in a style that would astonish the Chancellor of the Exchequer. They are all designated learned and honourable gentlemen. They appear to feel a pride in triumphant argument; but they are neither petulant under opposition, nor furious under correction, and they exhibit the prejudices of their education without any show of vindictive feelings. They may at times talk much and have said little; tear a sentiment to tatters, or garble a point of information till it becomes unintelligible; and they can smoke in such conformity that they are almost compelled to adopt the caricatured method of discovering the gentleman on his legs by a bellows.

Detachments from these last-mentioned classes are occasionally to be found at the cigar divans, where they smoke and play chess in all the solemnity of Asiatics; or they may be engaged in a match at billiards, rarely for money, the exercise and the amusement being considered sufficient excitement. However engaged, it is pleasing to remark, that the kindly feelings are ever in operation.

There was a time when it was said that manners made the man, want of them the fellow. A change has come over the scene. Good manners are assumed by all the tradesmen of London, and rarely departed from. There are fellows in every class; integrity may justly be said to make the man; and it is the test that

alone can give the true distinction. The apologist for the mode in which so many valuable members of society spend their evenings, may urge the fatigues of the day, the anxieties to which business is subjected, the desire to learn what may have transpired beyond a very confined sphere, and the friendly intercourse with kind associates. These cannot be lightly treated; the shaft of ridicule, or of reproach, would be thrown in vain. It is the usage of society; but it is attended with serious consequences to health, and detrimental to the well-being of their families at home, where many of those mispent hours might be advantageously employed.

Of the working classes, or the bees of this enormous hive, London, it is but justice to say their general conduct is such as to entitle them to the praise of every observer. They have taken advantage of the general spread of intelligence, and justify their claim to be ranked among the valuable portion of a thinking community. A successful journeyman may become a master who may make his fortune, and there can be no character more honourable in this commercial country.

TALE OF THE RHINNS OF GALLOWAY.

(Concluded.)

TIME rolled on without any change being observable in the manners or condition of the inmates of the Peel, with the exception of one circumstance—that in about a twelvemonth after the marriage of the laird, his wife was delivered of a child. As there was no medical practitioner in the district at the time, two or three matrons in the neighbourhood, who were skilled in these matters, were called in to attend the lady, which they did, not without considerable misgivings. They were well entertained, however, and, what was better, well paid; and, from their report of the internal economy of the household, and the conduct of its owners towards them, the former began to be looked upon with more favour than they had hitherto been, by their humble neighbours. The child was a boy, and the mother declared her resolution of nursing him herself; so that, after the accouchment was over, Kellholm Peel was again left in as much seclusion as before.

Several months had elapsed after this event, and the tempestuous weather which usually ushers in the winter in our northern latitude had set in, when one afternoon, during a terrific hurricane from the west, a small vessel was observed drifting up the Solway, almost at the mercy of the wind and waves. Those on board seemed to be labouring to their utmost against the storm, by tacking to and fro with great dexterity; and when evening closed down, she was seen standing close in to the English shore. The gale at this time had moderated somewhat; but as the night advanced, it again increased, and many a prayer was breathed to heaven by the inhabitants of that perilous coast for the safety of friends, lovers, and relatives, who were exposed to the fury of the raging elements, when about midnight repeated guns of distress were heard; and from the lights hung out on board the hapless vessel, it was seen that she was driving headlong on a reef of sunken rocks at a considerable distance from the shore, almost directly opposite to Kellholm Peel. A number of the fishermen who resided near the beach, roused by the well-known sounds, soon assembled opposite the spot, and endeavoured, by means of signals, to warn the crew off the destruction they were hurrying upon; but the latter, if they understood the friendly communication, were unable to avail themselves of it. The vessel struck, and went to pieces almost instantaneously. The cries of the hapless sufferers were distinctly heard above the roaring of the hurricane, and pieces of the wreck soon came drifting in to the shore, to which four or five human beings were clinging in desperation, and rescued almost lifeless. The compassionate fishermen were puzzled what to do with the sufferers, as their own habitations were two or three miles distant, and there was no human dwelling nearer the spot than Kellholm Peel, where they reckoned it altogether useless to apply for succour. Whilst yet debating upon what was to be done, they were suddenly joined by an individual, who came rushing breathless towards them from behind a projecting rock. From the darkness of the night, they could not distinguish his features; but when he spoke, and directed them to convey their charge to Kellholm Peel, they were equally pleased and astonished to recognise the voice of young Laird Douglas himself. They obeyed with alacrity; and if they felt surprised at the invitation they had received, they were ten times more so, when, on arriving at the mansion, they found it in a state seemingly of preparation for visitors. A large fire was blazing up the immense

chimney of the hall; refreshments were ready placed upon the huge oaken table; several couches of hay, covered with blankets, were spread down in various recesses of the apartment; whilst the lady of the mansion and her handmaid were waiting as if in full expectation of their arrival. The young laird himself, too, seemed to have thrown aside all his usual moroseness and misanthropy. He aided in administering restoratives to the shipwrecked crew, pressed the wearied fishermen to partake of the viands set before them, and finally insisted on their resting themselves on the sleeping places provided (as he said) for them until morning. They did so with thankfulness, although almost bewildered with wonderment at all they saw and heard. But if they lay down in astonishment, they were doomed to a more fearful awakening. Two or three hours might have elapsed after their lying down to rest, when they were roused by screams and cries of the most frightful description, resounding through the mansion, and, starting up, beheld to their dismay dense volumes of smoke rolling into the hall from the inner apartments, and other unequivocal symptoms of the place being in flames. The shipwrecked mariners made to the outer door as fast as possible; but the native fishermen, naturally as humane as courageous, and thinking as much of the safety of the unfortunate inmates as their own, were about to dash through the choking smoke into the interior of the building, in order to attempt their rescue, when a figure rushed out half-dressed, daggled with blood, and with all the marks of frenzy in his features. It was the young laird.

"Flee! flee!" he shouted wildly; "it is a doomed house—it is a doomed house!" and, without stopping an instant, darted out of the open door, and was lost in the midnight darkness that still prevailed. The wrecked sailors, who had drawn together a little way opposite the blazing building, started aside aghast, as this apparition broke through them, and darted down towards the shore, shouting and yelling with the fearful laughter of madness! The undaunted fishermen, however, did not even then think of retreating. As the cries and screams still continued from within, two of them groped their way, blind and breathless, towards the quarter whence they proceeded, and one of them at last reached the apartment where the lady of the house, from whom the cries proceeded, was lying on her bed, seemingly in a state of delirium, whilst almost every article of furniture in the room, with the bed itself, was blazing around her. He snatched her up in his arms, and with difficulty reached the door. His comrade had in the meanwhile been fortunate enough to rescue the serving-girl; and the two females were immediately conveyed to a small outhouse that stood near the tower, and supplied with what clothing could be saved from the outer hall; for, from the violence of the hurricane, the flames seized on every part of the building with the rapidity of gunpowder. Meanwhile, the lady became every moment worse and worse—now sinking into convulsive fits, and, upon recovering from them, screaming out incessantly, "My husband! my brother! my child! my husband!" and, before day dawned, expired with these wild and unintelligible exclamations on her lips.

Early in the morning, the whole district was astir with the news of the double calamity of the shipwreck and conflagration of the preceding evening, and all sorts of rumours were afloat respecting the mysterious occurrences which attended the latter event. The civil authorities were quickly on the spot, and a strict investigation was set on foot into all the circumstances. The shipwrecked mariners stated that they were part of the crew of a small Irish coasting vessel, and that they belonged to Dundalk; that two strangers, whom they knew nothing about, had, a day or two previous to their sailing, waited upon their captain (who had perished on the previous night), and hired their sloop to convey them to a small sea-port on the English coast. That the hurricane had overtaken them when about midway to their destination, and after endeavouring in vain to run into some haven on the southern shore, they had been directed by one of the passengers, who seemed quite intimate with the coast, to make for a light which was described exactly above the place where their bark had struck, but which was observed to be suddenly extinguished ere the catastrophe happened. Two of the sailors asserted, that, while the ship was going to pieces, they observed the two strange passengers clinging to a plank, and drifting fast towards the shore. More of them they could not tell, excepting that they both appeared of an advanced age, and were seemingly of a respectable rank in life. A long and anxious search was made along the beach for several miles; but although the bodies of the unfortunate captain, and one or two others of the crew, were found, no trace of the two passengers could be discovered. Not a doubt was entertained, however, that both had perished. Respecting the fearful casualty at the Peel, no explanation whatever could be got. The young infant, it was conjectured, had perished in the flames. But as to Laird Douglas—his frantic and apparitional appearance and disappearance—his gory figure—the unintelligible expressions

of his dying lady—all were inexplicable, as, indeed, every previous occurrence connected with the Peel had been since the accession of the Irish family. The female servant, who was supposed to be the daughter of the "Witch of the Rock," was either unable or unwilling to afford the slightest clue to the mystery, and could hardly, moreover, give any proper account of herself. She had lived, she said, in the family of a poor peasant, in the south of Ireland, from her infancy until womanhood: that she had always been given to understand that she was the daughter of the old woman above mentioned, who, about two years since, had taken her away clandestinely from her early home, and brought her to Scotland: that her supposed mother was in the habit of visiting Ireland two or three times a-year, but for what purpose she knew not; that shortly after her final disappearance, and, as she supposed, her death, Laird Douglas had revealed to her that she was not the daughter of the old female, but was of a much better origin; but that certain circumstances rendered it dangerous for her to be acknowledged for a short time. Of the nature of the connection which existed between the laird and her previously-supposed parent, she could give no explanation, and was equally ignorant as to the relation in which she herself stood to either. Neither had she ever discovered who the laird's wife was, and could only say that they seemed to live happily together, notwithstanding their secluded habits of life.

This story of the young woman, however, only rendered matters more inexplicable than before, and every attempt to clear up the mystery was found in vain. No intelligence could be got of the young laird; the property was taken charge of by the proper authorities, until those who had the next legal right to it should appear; and the friendless female thankfully accepted service with the farmer in whose house her late master had passed his boyhood.

Upwards of half a century rolled on, continued my friend, without any thing transpiring to afford the smallest explanation of the above strange and tragical occurrences, when, about six or seven years ago, a vessel sailed from this part of the country with a number of emigrants to the back woods of America. As the captain of the ship had it in contemplation shortly to follow their example himself, he accompanied them, after the termination of their voyage, far up into the wilderness, for the purpose of examining the country. With this view he had strayed many miles from the encampment one day, alone, when he was encountered in the forest by an old man, attired and armed like one of the savage aborigines, but whose complexion and cast of features declared him to be an European. After a mutual pause of surprise, the demi-barbarian addressed the other in English, and questioned him who he was, whence he came, &c. &c. The seaman replied frankly to his interrogatories, and observed that the other was deeply agitated by his answers to them. The old man at last acknowledged he was a countryman, and a native of the same district of Scotland, and questioned him, with evidently intense interest, concerning Kellholm Peel, its present condition, and the strange circumstances connected with its history and last owner. As the matters before related had all taken place long before the seaman was born, he could only state what he himself had heard of them by tradition, being exactly as has been detailed. When the old man heard that the daughter of the woman who was called the Witch of the Rock was still living, though too infirm to be able to support herself, he suddenly caught the narrator by the arm. "Stranger!" said he, "she who was supposed to be that woman's mother lies in yonder valley (pointing to an opening between the mountains), and long, long have I wished to be laid beside her; but what you have now told me gives me hope, that, in preserving my life through so many years of hardship, peril, and anguish, the Almighty has indeed been dealing mercifully by me, and that a door has at last been opened for reconciling myself to the throne of grace. Countryman! you behold in me a terrible example of the punishment that awaits him who presumes to become the avenger of his own wrongs—to shed blood for blood with his own hand—to arrogate to himself the privileges of the Almighty. But come to my abode, and I will there unfold my fearful story." He led the way into the deep recesses of the forest, seemingly far from any human track, and entered a cavern scooped out of the side of a precipitous bank that overlooked a small stream. The entrance was secured by a strong door of wicker-work, and was completely hid from observation by a thick natural screen of some creeping shrub, which hung down like a curtain from the top of the bank, and had to be lifted up to give admission into the cavern. After partaking together of refreshments of various kinds, of which there seemed to be abundance, the old man then related his story to his guest, which affords a thorough explanation of all the mysterious transactions connected with Kellholm Peel and its last proprietor—the old man thus strangely discovered in the wilderness of the new world—for he it indeed was. To save time, his narrative will be best told in the third person.

The old woman called the "Witch of the Rock" was the foster-mother of O'Rourke, the first Irish proprietor of Kellholm, and of course warmly attached to him, but could not be prevailed on to attend him to Scotland on his removing thither. When the inheritance of the Irish estate opened up to him, she

was the only one who dared openly to assert his rights; and when the dark fate of the unfortunate man was made known, she scrupled not to denounce Sir Phelim O'Rourke, the next heir in succession after her foster-son's children—a "bold bad man," with a large family, and in desperate circumstances—with being the murderer. For this she was obliged to conceal herself, in order to save her life from his fury; but she still lingered about the district, and at length got intelligence, from one of the actors in the tragedy, of the burning of Kellholm Peel, and the entire destruction of her foster-son's family. Upon this she determined instantly to bring a public accusation against the chief perpetrator, but was deterred from executing her purpose upon being subsequently told that one of the children had been preserved, brought to Ireland, and placed by Sir Phelim in the charge of a poor woman, the wife of one of his cottagers. To get possession of the orphan child (a girl) became now her first thought; and this, after great trouble and difficulty, she at last accomplished, and succeeded in escaping with her across the Channel. It was at this time she first made her appearance in Galloway, and took up her lonely residence on the rock. The reason of her not immediately disclosing the existence of the child to the neighbours and connections of the family, arose from her terror of the vengeance of Sir Phelim, in the event of the circumstance reaching his ears, as she knew he would in that case stop at nothing to accomplish the destruction both of herself and the infant. Her fears and dilatoriness, however, proved fatal to her. Sir Phelim got intelligence of her abode, and, as has been seen, again carried off the infant from the hut on the rock; and it was only by her knowledge of the hiding-places about the beach, that she herself escaped being murdered. It was shortly after this event that she discovered, to her unbounded joy and surprise, that another child of her foster-son's existed; and this accounts for the remarkable change that was at the time observable in her deportment. She threw herself in the boy's way during his rambles, told him the story of his parents' wrongs, and trained up his young mind to the contemplation of but one object—vengeance on the perpetrators. When the young laird came to take possession of the Peel, the two confederates forthwith proceeded to put their plan into execution, being no less than that of utterly annihilating the family of Sir Phelim O'Rourke, root and branch. It was in the execution of this fearful work of vengeance they were employed during their mysterious absences from the Peel, and it was during one of these that the old woman thought she had discovered in the family of a poor peasant the sister of the laird of Kellholm, for whom, when an infant, she had suffered so much, and whom she had little difficulty in persuading to accompany her to Scotland. It was judged prudent, however, both by the laird and his confidante, that she should not be recognised as his sister until they had fully accomplished their dangerous and bloody purpose. With so much secrecy and deep cunning was the latter carried into effect, that the victims seemed all to have perished as if by accident or a natural death. One was found drowned in a neighbouring river; another was discovered lying at the foot of a precipice, as if he had accidentally fallen over it; a third, a favourite daughter, was found cold and stiff in bed one morning without any marks of violence discernible on her person; other two, a boy and girl, went out one day to gather nuts in a wood near their house, and were never more heard of, but it was universally believed that they had fallen into the river, and had shared the fate of the former son. The only one upon whom foul play was known to have been used, was the last of the children, the eldest son; and the circumstances attending it will sufficiently evince the fearfully cool and calculating determination with which the young laird of Kellholm proceeded to fulfil his designs. In the family of Sir Phelim resided a beautiful girl, the daughter of an elder brother, and who had been left an orphan in the care of her uncle, while yet an infant. As she was entitled to a very large patrimony, Sir Phelim had resolved on a union between her and his eldest son; and although the girl herself candidly stated her repugnance to the match, there is little doubt she would have been compelled to comply with his wish. The young laird learned her story and situation from his associate, and, during one of his secret and bloody missions, he contrived to introduce himself to her, revealed his name, and succeeded in inducing her to accept his hand, and fly to Scotland with him. Upon the very night of their elopement, her former lover was missing, and, two days afterwards, was found lying in a deep pool, with a dagger driven up to the hilt, sticking in his breast. What added to the horror of the old father, now utterly bereaved and desolate, was the discovery that the dagger, or rather the short sword, for such it was, with which his son was slain, was the identical one which he had lost while engaged in the destruction of Kellholm Peel, about a quarter of a century before; and upon examining the handle, there was found attached to it a small slip of parchment, on which were written the following significant words:—"Bluid for bluid! Vengeance is slow but sure!"

The avenger of his parents, however, thought his work but half accomplished, whilst the principal, or rather the only criminal, existed; but it was found no easy task to get an opportunity of accomplishing their purpose on him, owing to the precautions he

adopted for his security. At last the old woman hit on an expedient for enticing him away from his well-guarded home, which at once proved successful. She contrived to send him notice, that, by repairing to a small fishing hamlet in Dundalk bay, on a certain day, he would there meet with an individual who would give him some information about his two children who had been lost so mysteriously. Sir Phelim eagerly attended at the appointed time, and was met by the old woman, disguised in sailor's attire, who with a feigned and plausible story about his children having been kidnapped, and of their being then concealed at a small sea-port on the English coast, preparatory to being sent off to the colonies, induced him immediately to hire a vessel, and proceed with all dispatch to their rescue. The disguised sailor, in the meantime, had come to a proper understanding with the master of the vessel, that, although he and his companion were ostensibly proceeding to the English coast, yet it was their wish to be set on shore under cloud of night on the coast of Galloway; and this hint was enforced by a sum sufficient almost to have induced the poor skipper to scuttle his old boat in the middle of the Channel, could they have but got safe ashore. The hurricane that sprung up, however, rendered that unavailing which must have otherwise been effected by stratagem. The young laird was on the outlook, and, from certain signals previously agreed on with his confederate, well knew the vessel that came driving up before the hurricane, and the freight which she contained. When it became dark, he proceeded to the Witch of the Rock with a lantern, placing it so that it could only be visible from the sea, and towards which his confederate on board directed the master of the vessel to steer. By so doing, they would have run into a small but safe bay to windward of the rock; but the violence of the hurricane disabled them from weathering the fatal reef which lay at the entrance to it, and produced the consequent catastrophe. The disguised decoy, however, even amid the tumult of the wreck, never for a moment lost sight of her victim, and upon his seizing hold of a plank, and committing himself to the waves, she also sprang after him, and they were drifted ashore together at a considerable distance to leeward of the others. Here, as if by instinct, the young laird was waiting, and a signal of recognition from the latter was instantly answered. Their victim was so much exhausted, that he was almost incapable either of walking or speaking, and was led by his guides into one of the caverns (of which there are so many) along that part of the Galloway coast, and from thence by a passage, excavated from the solid rock, into a vault beneath the very foundations of the Peel. Here they left him for a while, the old woman proceeding by a secret passage into a secluded apartment of the upper building, and Douglas to attend to his guests.

All the other wearied inmates of the Peel had sunk to rest, when Douglas, with his partner in vengeance, the latter attired as during her residence on the rock, and carrying a large pine torch, descended to the vault beneath the tower, to consummate the work which they had pursued for years with such remorseless determination. Notwithstanding his clothes were dripping with the salt water, and his bed nothing but the hard rock, the object of their deadly purpose was slumbering soundly. Douglas proceeded to bind securely his hands and feet (for although the latter was far advanced in life, he was still a man of a powerful and almost gigantic frame), and then awoke him by shaking him violently with his foot. O'Rourke started up, and the feelings of the miserable man may be imagined, when told where he was, the purpose of his being brought there, and who stood before him. But awful as his sensations must have been at the announcement of his impending doom, he was made to drink a still deeper draught of misery, as his triumphant foe proceeded to detail the whole story of his vengeance, dwelling on all the circumstances accompanying the death of his successive victims with torturing minuteness. Rage, fear, remorse, every evil and turbulent passion, was boiling in his bosom, and he groaned aloud in the agony of his spirit, as the other calmly drew forth his weapon, and bade him prepare for death. The awe-stricken wretch begged for one moment's respite, and upon this being granted, asked his destroyer if he knew what had become of his lost niece, who had left her home so unaccountably about eighteen months before, adding, that there was a secret connected with her for the knowledge of which even Douglas would be glad to forego his present revengeful purpose. Douglas smiled sternly as he informed his victim that the young lady was the mistress of his mansion and the mother of his infant; but scarcely had the words escaped him, when a shout of exultation burst from the prostrate man, who, turning a withering look on Douglas, exclaimed that he would now die contented, as the deaths of his children were more than avenged—their murderer had wedded his own sister! The old woman, after a pause of stupefaction, here started forward, and asserted his statement to be false; but the other, with resolute firmness, told her, that, by his direction, the infants, who were of the same age, had been changed in the cradle by the nurse, lest the sister of Douglas should again be attempted to be stolen, and that it was his niece who had been reared in the peasant's hut. Douglas, who had stood speechless at first, on hearing this information, at length uttered a cry of frenzy, and, springing upon his unhappy victim, soon put a pe-

ried to his existence. Of his further conduct that night, the old man told his shuddering auditor, his mind retained no impression. He only remembered being instigated by an ungovernable desire to obliterate all recollection from his senses. In short, he became for a while perfectly insane. On coming to his senses, he found himself lying on the beach, in the grey of the morning, severely bruised, with the old woman bending over him. They retreated into the cavern, and abode there until the following night, when they set out to a distant sea-port on the west coast of England, and being provided with money, soon obtained a passage to North America.

Such was the dismal story of the old man, which he corroborated by taking down a small box from a recess in his cavern, from which he took out the title-deeds to the property of Kellholm estate. These, he said, had been kept for security in the vault beneath the Peel. He concluded by saying, that he wished to make the unfortunate niece of his uncle his heir in the property, it being in his own gift, and begged his guest to convey home the proper documents for that purpose. This the other most readily promised to do. Upon the return of the latter to his ship, therefore, the old man accompanied him down the country to the sea-port town, where, after getting the necessary writings drawn up and executed, he bade farewell to his countrymen, and returned to his abode in the wilderness, and was never heard of more. When Captain Fisher arrived in Scotland, he immediately transmitted his packet to the sheriff of the district, with a full detail of the above singular narrative. Immediate steps were taken to carry the old man's disposition into effect, and amongst other things a search was made in the ruins of Kellholm Peel for the entrance to the vault beneath, of the existence of which no one had ever previously heard. It was found after considerable trouble, and in it was found the skeleton of a large man, with a dagger covered with rust lying close beside it. This was an undeniable testimony of the truth of the old man's tale; but as it was judged proper by the legal functionaries to get some further proofs of the poor woman's identity, thus unexpectedly raised from the extremity of poverty to wealth, instructions were transmitted to Ireland, to investigate into the matter. Only one witness could be found who knew any thing at all of the singular circumstances of the case. This was the daughter of the nurse in Sir Phelim's family, who, according to the latter's dying declaration, had, by transposing the infants, occasioned the supposed horrible casualty before mentioned. The result of this woman's evidence was a disclosure of a most unexpected nature. She stated that her mother on her death-bed had informed her of the deed which Sir Phelim had wished her to perpetrate, but that she could not make up her mind to do it, and had imposed upon him with a false story. The dying woman had charged her daughter, by the most solemn adjurations, never to mention the circumstance to any living being, unless called upon in the way she now was; and added, that, if any doubt was entertained of the statement, the identity of the real or the false niece would be proved by particular marks she had made on different parts of their persons at the period alluded to. Upon examination, the mark which the old woman said she had made on the Scotch infant was plainly discernible on the person of the poor old woman now living; and there is not room for a doubt that she is the sister of the unfortunate Laird of Kellholm Peel, and, as such, entitled to the property and all the accumulated money, which is very considerable. She still dwells with the kind family where she formerly took service, and who have almost exclusively supported her for many years, from pure benevolence, as, being now near her eightieth year, she has been long unfit for labour of any sort. Such, concluded my friend, is the strange history of Kellholm Peel and its late and present proprietors; and as I understand you are somewhat of a philosopher, continued he, smiling, I think you cannot do less, in return for my story, than furnish me with a moral to it.

"The unhappy hero of it," I replied, "has, I think, saved me from such a dilemma—Revenge is not the province of man. But," continued I, "there is one point of your story which I do not very clearly understand. What could be the Irish baronet's motive for wishing to do such injustice to his innocent niece, as to substitute the daughter of the man whom he had murdered in her place, and even to purpose marrying his son to the latter?"

"Why," replied he, "that appears altogether inexplicable, unless upon the supposition, that, by conjoining the patrimony of the real niece with that of the spurious one, he saw the ultimate prospect of increasing the wealth and influence of his family, which appears to have been the prime motive of his whole conduct; whilst, by holding such a secret over the head of the latter, he thought he might more easily sway her to his purposes than the other."

I nodded assent to the probability of his conjecture, and the conversation ended.

It may perhaps not be uninteresting to state, that the old lady who was elevated so unexpectedly from penury to wealth, enjoyed her good fortune for about ten years afterwards, still continuing to reside with the homely, benevolent family who sheltered her in her days of adversity. At her death, she bequeathed the whole of her property to them; and as Kellholm Peel had latterly become, by the ravages of time, al-

most levelled with the earth, a handsome modern mansion has been erected on its site, the hospitality and urbanity of whose present owner is likely to be much longer remembered in the district than even the misanthropic disposition and unfortunate fate of his predecessor.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

CHAUCEER.

THE invention of printing contributed to the revival of learning in the fifteenth century; from which memorable time a race of learned men arose, equal in point of ability with the greatest geniuses of antiquity. Of these we may say, without vanity, that our own countrymen are justly entitled to the reputation of the first rank. To the claims of some of the most eminent of these, we shall now more particularly direct the attention of our readers, by presenting them with a few articles on the lives and writings of those who are worthy of being denominated the classical authors of Britain; and we commence with Chaucer, who acquired the general designation of the Father of English Poetry, and who appeared somewhat prior, even, to the era alluded to.

Geoffrey Chaucer was born at London in the year 1328; but although he was extolled in the highest terms of panegyric by his contemporaries, and has also deservedly maintained his reputation with posterity, it happens that no certain information has been handed down in regard to his parentage; only, it is presumed that he was by birth a gentleman. The same uncertainty that attends the history of his parentage attends that of his education. Whether he studied at Oxford or Cambridge, or at both universities successively, is a point which cannot now be at all decided; but that his education was excellent for that age, is clearly proved from the learning displayed in his works; and that his genius rose still superior to all the advantages of scholastic or academic institution, will admit of no dispute.

After completing his scholastic education, he is supposed to have improved himself by travelling into France and the Low Countries; and it is partly ascertained, that, on his return, he entered himself a member of the Inner Temple, and for some time prosecuted the study of the law. In a record of this society, published by Speight, the following fact appears: "Geoffrey Chaucer was fined two shillings for beating a friar in Fleet Street."

It does not appear, however, that he ever practised the law as a profession; and the sprightliness of his genius, the elegance of his form and manners, and the fertility of his endowments, seem early to have attracted the notice of the court, where he particularly devoted himself to the service of the celebrated John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, son of Edward the Third. By the favour of this prince, he obtained in marriage Philippa, daughter of Sir Pagan Rouet, and sister of the famous Lady Catherine Swynford, who was first governess to the duke's children, and afterwards became his wife.

Chaucer was at this time in the flower of his age, admired for the elegance of his person, and distinguished for every other talent and accomplishment that could render him acceptable in the gay and splendid court of Edward the Third. As that monarch frequently resided at Woodstock, Chaucer had a house near the park gate, which still retains his name, though it has been entirely rebuilt and modernised; and here it is probable that he penned some of his happiest compositions.

After serving for some time as the king's page, he was appointed a commissioner to go to Venice to treat with the republic of Genoa for the hire of some ships; and on his return from this embassy he obtained, among other marks of royal favour, the grant of a pitcher of wine daily. Next year he was made comptroller of the customs of London, for wool and hides; with the singular proviso, that he should execute the office personally, and not by deputy, and keep the accounts in his own handwriting—a pretty clear proof that Edward did not promote him for his poetical talents, otherwise he would certainly have given him a somewhat different employment. Soon after this, he was appointed to act as guardian to one of the king's wards, an office of both honour and profit; at which time it appears that his income was not less than a thousand pounds a-year, a sum which in those days enabled him to support a splendid hospitality congenial to his disposition, and to enjoy that ease and affluence which it is so rarely the lot of a poet to possess.

It was during this sunshine of prosperity that he wrote his chief poem, entitled "Canterbury Tales," which is by far the most popular of his works, and exhibits a striking variety of talents, or union of the sublime and the pathetic, with such a fund of poignant satire, genuine humour, and knowledge of life, as is seldom paralleled. The clergy, both regular and secular, are the frequent objects of his keenest animadversions; and by this he most probably aimed to ingratiate himself the more with his patron the Duke of Lancaster, who had openly espoused the cause of Wickliffe the reformer. Chaucer entered passionately into Wickliffe's views of reformation, but this in the sequel involved him in much trouble; for when the Duke of Lancaster found himself obliged to abandon the party of Wickliffe, and to retire from public life for a time, the interest of Chaucer sunk at once, and he became from that instant exposed to all the malice of his patron's opponents. At this time he retired to Woodstock, where he finished his admirable treatise on the Astrolabe, as also the beautiful performance called the Testament of Love, written in imitation of Boetius's Consolation of Philosophy.

By the return of the Duke of Lancaster to favour and power, and the marriage of that great man with the sister of Chaucer's wife, the sun of prosperity again beamed on his evening hour; and, when about seventy years of age, he quitted Woodstock, for Donnington Castle, near Newbury.

Not long afterwards, Henry the Fourth, son of the Duke of Lancaster, mounted the throne; and in the first year of his reign he conferred some marks of his regard on Chaucer. His former grants, however, being annulled, in common with all others passed in the late reign, the venerable bard, in the concluding scenes of his life, was obliged to become a solicitor at court for a renewal of his pensions; and though he succeeded in a certain degree, the fatigue of attendance, and his great age, prevented him from enjoying long the royal favours. Falling sick at London, he died, October 25, 1400, in the seventy-second year of his age, with a kind of enviable philosophical composure, as appears from the song beginning "Flie fro the Prese," which he wrote on his deathbed.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where, in 1550, a monument was erected to his memory by Nicholas Brigham of Oxford, from a just regard for his talents. He left two sons, Thomas and Lewis; the former of whom was speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Henry the Fourth, and passed through several other high offices with reputation and applause.

The private character of Chaucer appears to have been as amiable as his literary attainments were illustrious. Gentle and complaisant in his manners and address, frank and liberal in his disposition, he was at once the fine gentleman, the easy companion, and the learned writer.

On his poetical and other literary qualifications, it is unnecessary to expatiate here. He was the Father of English Poetry, being the first who wrote original verses in his native tongue. Before his time all poetical compositions here were confined to the French and Latin, or translations from those languages. He was also the first writer in England to whom the appellation of a poet, in its genuine dignity, can be with propriety applied. He attempted every species of versification, from the epigram to the epic, and was eminently successful in all.

As some of our readers may wish to see a specimen of the poetical composition of those times, we select the following lines of Chaucer, from what he calls "The Pardoner's Prologue," in the "Canterbury Tales."

Lordings! quoth he, in chirch when I preche,
I paine mee to have an hauteine speche;
And ring it out, as round as doth a bell;
For I can all by rote that I tell.

Then shew I forth my long, cristall stones,
Yerammed full of clouts and of bones;
Reliques they been, as were they, echoun!
Then have I, in Latin a shoder-bone,
Which that was of an holy Jewes-shepe.
Good men, say, take of my words kepe I
If this bone be washen in any well,
If cow, or calfe, shepe, or oxe swell
That any worm hath eaten, or hem strong,
Take water of this well, and wash his tong,
And it is hole a non: And, furthermore,
Of pockes, and scabs, and every sore
Shall shepe be hole, that of this well
Drinketh a draught: Take kepe of that I tell!
If that the good man, that beastes oweth,
Will every day, ere the cock croweth,
Fasting drink of this well a draught,
(As thilk holy Jew our elders taught)
His beastes and his store shall multiplie;
And sirs, also it healeth jealousy.
Here is a mittaine eke, that ye may see;
He that has his hand well put in this mittaine;
He shall have multiplying of his graine,
When he hath sown, be it wheat or otes,
So that he offer good pens or grotes!

Those who would prefer the thoughts of this Father of English Poetry in a modern dress, are referred to the elegant versions of him by Dryden, Pope, and others, who have done ample justice to their illustrious predecessor.

OLYMPUS AND PARNASSUS.

THE celebrated mountain Olympus was considered not merely as the loftiest summit in Greece, but even, in the opinion of the ancient geometers, as the highest elevation of the globe. Its height, we are informed, was accurately measured by the philosopher Xenagoras, and found to be ten stadia and a plethrum, or nearly 7000 English feet. This is somewhat more than the elevation assigned to it in the *Memoires de l'Academie des Sciences*, by John Bernoulli, where it is given at 1017 toises, or 6512 English feet. The misfortune is, that in these measurements no mention is made of a fixed base, to enable us to judge of the accuracy of the calculations. Snow is said to lie frequently on certain parts of Olympus during the whole year. The ascent, however, is perfectly practicable in the summer season; as Sonnini himself visited its summit from Salonica during that season; and a small Greek chapel has even been constructed near the top, where service is performed once a-year, with singular contrast to the old mythology of the spot. The monastery of St Dionysius, on the eastern side, is the highest habitation on the mountain. Its elevation has been prodigiously exaggerated by the poets, who described it as the throne of Jupiter, and the habitation of the gods. Hence Jupiter was denominated the Rector Olympi, or Ruler of Olympus, in the pagan theology. With them it exceeded every other mountain in Greece, both for height, massiness, and grandeur. The giants were fabled to have made Olympus the highest step of that ladder by which they endeavoured to scale the abode of the immortals.

Olympus is now called Elimo in Romic, and Samavat Eski, or the Celestial House, in Turkish. The appellation Olympus, perhaps, formerly denoted any very lofty eminence, as it was common to many celebrated mountains. "Towards the south-east," says Dr Clarke, "and rather behind our route as we journeyed towards Tempe, appeared Mount Pelion. But the view of Olympus engrossed our particular attention, owing to the prodigious grandeur into which its vast masses were disposed. We had never beheld a scene of bolder outline. In this grand prospect, the only diminutive objects were the distant herds of cattle, grazing in detached groups on the plain in the foreground. All the rest consisted of parts of such magnitude, that, in their contemplation, animated nature is forgotten. We think only of that Being who is represented in the immensity of his works, and thereby indulge the same feelings which first induced the benighted heathens to consider the tops of their mountains as habitations of the Most High God."

Lofty as Olympus was represented by the poets, yet an altar was erected on its summit, where Jupiter was worshipped. The best view of this far-famed mountain is from the plain of Pella to the north, or from the city of Salonichi, where its magnitude is such as to fill all the view towards the western side of the Gulf of Therme, and actually to dazzle the eyes of the beholder with the radiance reflected from its snow-clad summit. Instead of seeming remote from the place of his observation, though fifty-five miles distant, so enormous is its size, as to seem close to his view. This view, however, was taken in the midst of winter, by Dr Clarke, during his stay at that place. It will not therefore present so sublime a spectacle in the summer months, when its snows are melted. The base and sides of Olympus are covered with thick woods of oak, chestnut, beech, and planetree; and the acclivities are clothed with large pine forests, giving that sombre appearance to it so often alluded to by the poets, being denominated by Horace, *Lib. iii. Od. 4*, *Opacus Olympus*; and by Seneca, *Pinifer Olympus*. Its summit is an obtuse cone, with somewhat of a concave line on each side.

The famed Parnassus seems to be regarded by Clarke and Holland as the loftiest summit in Greece. The former ascended it in the month of December, and reached the summit after consuming 4½ hours in the journey from the village of Aracovia. The summit was a plain in the bottom of a crater, containing a large pool of water, then frozen over. The sides of this crater, rising in ridges around this plain, are the most elevated points of Parnassus. The summit, therefore, strongly resembles that of Kader Idris in Wales. These sides were then a glacier, covered with hard and slippery ice. The atmosphere was clear and cloudless, and the thermometer in the open air fell to two degrees below the freezing point. The prospect was varied, sublime, and extensive; the Gulf of Corinth seemed a mere pond; and towards the north, beyond all the plains of Thessaly, appeared majestic Olympus, with its many tops, clad in shining snow, and expanding its vast breadth distinctly to the view. The other mountains of Greece rose in vast heaps, like the surface of the ocean in a rolling calm, according to their different altitudes, but the eye ranged over them all. As a proof that the ascent to the summit is comparatively easy, the peasants conducted the horses of Clarke and his party quite to the frozen pool on the summit. The top and all the higher sides of the mountain are limestone, containing veins of marble, and a great number of imbedded sea shells. These are found on the highest peak, and over all the mountain. The higher region is bleak, and almost destitute of herbage. The descent on the north-west side occupied 4½ hours. The people of the plains of Boeotia call the whole mountain *Lakiri*; but those who reside on it still retain the ancient name, calling the

heights by a general appellation Parnassu, and one of the ridges in particular *Lugari*. In strictness of speech, Parnassus is not one mountain, but a range of mountains running from north-west to south-east, where it rises into one great summit. The poetic appellation of the *Biceps Parnassus*, or the *Double Peak*, is erroneous, though sanctioned by almost all the classic poets. This appellation properly belongs to two pointed crags, formed by a chasm in a precipice 100 feet high, in the bottom of which is the fount of Castalis, towering above and behind Delphi. These being a part of the mountain, have been erroneously considered as the tops of it. They are estimated vaguely by Dr Holland at 800 feet of elevation above the level of Delphi, and 2000 above the sea."

THE ITALIAN SLEEP-WALKER.

IN the recently-published cheap and elegant edition of Goldsmith's works, forming part of the series of publications entitled "The British Library," we are presented with many pieces not hitherto generally known as the productions of the ingenious author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Among others, is the following little sketch, descriptive of a remarkable instance of walking in sleep:—

It has often been a question in the schools, whether it be preferable to be a king by day, and a beggar in our dreams by night; or, inverting the question, a beggar by day, and a monarch while sleeping? It has been usually decided, that the sleeping monarch was the happiest man, since he is supposed to enjoy all his happiness without contamination; while the monarch in reality feels the various inconveniences that attend his station.

However this may be, there are none sure more miserable than those who enjoy neither situation with any degree of comfort, but feel all the inconveniences of want and poverty by day, while they find a repetition of their misery in a dream. Of this kind was the famous Cyrillo Padovano, of whom a long life has been written; a man, if I may so express it, of a double character, who acted a very different part by night from what he professed in the day. Cyrillo was a native of Padua, in Italy, a little brown-complexioned man, and, while awake, remarkable for his simplicity, probity, piety, and candour; but, unfortunately for him, his dreams were of the strongest kind, and seemed to overturn the whole system of waking morality; for he every night walked in his sleep, and, upon such occasions, was a thief, a robber, and a plunderer of the dead.

The first remarkable exploit we are told of Cyrillo, was at the university, where he showed no great marks of learning, though some of assiduity. Upon a certain occasion, his master set him a very long and very difficult exercise, which Cyrillo found it impossible, as he supposed, to execute. Depressed with this opinion, and in certain expectation of being chastised the next day, he went to bed quite dejected and uneasy; but awaking in the morning, to his great surprise he found his exercise, completely and perfectly finished, lying upon his table, and, still more extraordinary, written in his own hand. This information he communicated to his master when he gave up his task, who, being equally astonished with him, resolved to try him the next day with a longer and a more difficult task, and to watch him at night when he retired to rest. Accordingly, Cyrillo was seen going to bed with great uneasiness, and soon was heard to sleep profoundly; but this did not continue long: for, in about an hour after he lay down, he got up, lighted his candle, and sat down to study, where he completed his work as before.

A mind like Cyrillo's, not naturally very strong, and never at rest, began, when he arrived at manhood, to become gloomy, solicitous, and desponding. In consequence of this turn of thinking, he resolved to leave the world and turn Carthusian, which is the most rigorous of all the religious orders. Formed for a severe and abstemious life, he was here seen to set lessons of piety to the whole convent, and to show that he deserved the approbation as well of his fellows in seclusion as of the whole order. But this good fame did not last long; for it was soon found that Cyrillo walked by night, and, as we are told of the fabled Penelope, undid in his sleep all the good actions for which he had been celebrated by day. The first pranks he played were of a light nature, very little more than running about from chamber to chamber, and talking a little more loosely than became one of his professed piety. As it is against the rules of the fraternity to confine any man by force to his cell, he was permitted in this manner to walk about; and though there was nothing very edifying in his sleeping conversation, yet the convent were content to overlook and pity his infirmities.

Being carefully observed upon one of these occasions, the following circumstances offered:—One evening, having fallen asleep on his chair in his cell, he continued immovable for about an hour; but then, turning about in the attitude of a listener, he laughed heartily at what he thought he heard spoken; then snapping his fingers, to show he did not value the speaker, he turned towards the next person, and made a sign with his fingers, as if he wanted snuff. Not being supplied, he seemed a little disconcerted; and, pulling out his own box, in which there was nothing, he scraped the inside as if to find some. He next very carefully put up his box again; and, looking round

him with great suspicion, buttoned up the place of his frock where he kept it. In this manner he continued for some time immovable; but, without any seeming cause, flew into a most outrageous passion, in which he spared neither oaths nor execrations, which so astonished and scandalized his brother friars, that they left him to execrate alone.

But it had been well if poor Cyrillo went no farther, nor driven his sleeping extravagances into guilt. One night he was perceived going very busily up to the altar, and, in a little beaufet beneath, to rummage with some degree of assiduity. It is supposed that he wished to steal the plate which was usually deposited there, but which had accidentally been sent off the day before to be cleaned. Disappointed in this, he seemed to be extremely enraged; but not caring to return to his cell empty-handed, he claps on one of the official silk vestments; and finding that he could carry still more, he put one or two more over each other, and thus cumbrously accoutred, he stole off with a look of terror to his cell; there hiding his ill-gotten finery beneath his mattress, he laid himself down to continue his nap. Those who had watched him during this interval were willing to see his manner of behaving the morning after.

When Cyrillo awoke, he seemed at first a good deal surprised at the lump in the middle of his bed; and going to examine the cause, was still more astonished at the quantity of vestments that were bundled there. He went among his fellows of the convent, inquired how they came to be placed there; and, learning the manner from them, nothing could exceed his penitence and contrition.

His last and greatest project was considered of a still more heinous nature. A lady, who had long been a benefactress to the convent, happening to die, was desirous of being buried in the cloister, in a vault which she had made for that purpose. It was there that she was laid, adorned with much finery, and a part of her own jewels, of which she had great abundance. The solemnity attending her funeral was magnificent, the expenses great, and the sermon affecting. In all this pomp of grief, none seemed more affected than Cyrillo, or set an example of sincerer mortification. The society considered the deposition of their benefactress among them as a very great honour, and masses in abundance were promised for her safety. But what was the amazement of the whole convent the next day, when they found the vault in which she was deposited broken open, the body mangled, her fingers, on which were some rings, cut off, and all her finery carried away! Every person in the convent was shocked at such barbarity, and Cyrillo was one of the foremost in condemning the sacrilege. However, shortly after, on going to his cell, having occasion to examine under his mattress, he there found that he alone was the guiltless plunderer. The convent was soon made acquainted with his misfortune; and, at the general request of the fraternity, he was removed to another monastery, where the prior had a power, by right, of confining his conventuals. Thus debarred from doing mischief, Cyrillo led the remainder of his life in piety and peace.

ANGLING ANECDOTE.

IN 1822, two young gentlemen of Dumfries, while enjoying the amusement of fishing at Dalswinton loch, having expended their stock of worms, &c., had recourse to the well-known expedient of picking out the eyes of the dead perches, and attaching them to their hooks—a bait which the perch is known to rise at quite as readily as any other. One of the perches caught in this manner struggled so much when taken out of the water, that the unseen, though not unfelt hook had no sooner been loosened from its mouth than it came in contact with one of its eyes, and actually tore it out. The pain occasioned by this accident only made the fish struggle the harder, until at last it fairly slipped through the holder's fingers, and again escaped to its native element. The disappointed fisher, still retaining the eye of the aquatic fugitive, adjusted it on the hook, and again committed his line and cork to the waters. After a very short interval, the latter substance began to bob, when, pulling up the line, he was astonished to find the identical perch that had eluded his grasp a few minutes before, and which literally perished by *swallowing its own eye*!

HACKSTOWN OF RATHILLET.

Old Hackstoun of Rathillet one day said to Mr Smibert, the minister of Cupar, who, like himself, was blessed with a foolish, or rather wild youth for a son, "D'ye ken, sir, you and I are wiser than Solomon." "How can that be, Rathillet?" inquired the startled clergyman. "Ou, ye see," said Hackstoun, "Solomon didna ken whether his son was to be a fool or a wise man; but baith you and I are quite sure that our sons are fools."

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